A MERRRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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[For The Sentinel.]

CHRISTMAS.

A. D. 1885.

BY REV. D. K. BENNETT.

Let every christian heart rejoice.
Upon this festal morn;
In union let both heart and voice,
Repeat a Child is born:—
A Child,—a Prince omnipotent,
A Prophet, Priest and King;
A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
Let all His praises sing.

Assemble in His courts this day,
Ye favored sons of men;
And worship at His royal feet,
The Babe of Bethlehem;
Send portions to His humble poor,
That all may happy be;
Such favors to His "little ones,
He says are "done to Me."

Let Church and State both small and great,
In love and learning vie;
In works which tend to bless our race,
And God to glorify;
Th' angelic song of peace on earth,
Good will henceforth to men;
Let every creature sing to praise,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Our own lov'd land appreciates,
And heeds th' angelic strain;
Celestial peace, good will to men,
Adorns our fair domain;
And will remain while time shall last,
If we are true and pure;
Those blessings of good will and peace,
Will evermore endure.

Philanthropists should ever scorn,
To bow at mammon's shrine;
But in affairs of Church and State,
Observe the law divine;
To honor God and bless mankind,
Upon this natal day;
Let all assemble in His courts,
And most devoutly pray.

Pray for the poor and destitute,
And with a loud amen;
Repeat the herald angels song,
Peace and good will to men;
To all, from the most humble poor,
To men of royal birth;
May heaven's blessings come this day,
And rest on all the earth.

Written Specially for th. Sentinel.

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THE LITTLE RED MAN.

A STORY OF THE SCHLAFMÜTZ TAVERN.

BY JOHANN HENRICH.

It was the dark afternoon of a cold day in a winter long ago, between Christmas and New Year's, in the town of Schlafmutz.

Balthasar Grosnase, the pedagogue, had persistently said it was going to be a cold winter. He had heard the honking of wild geese in the sky and had seen other migratory birds going southward unusually soon; so he had prophesied of the weather with unanswerable arguments. One evening in the autumn, when smoking a pipe with Louis Drucker, whose almanack had come to be a famous annual among the farmers, the pedagogue had counseled the printer to let his weather prognostications promise many snow-falls and many hard freezes. "But you told me to do that last year," had answered Drucker, with a half apologetic laugh—for Grosnase's choleric temperament instantly repelled the slightest disparagement of opinion, and no one ever presumed to contradict him outright, excepting his wife. "Yes, you told me to do that last year," repeated Drucker, "and it did not come true. We had a green Christmas, and Peter Faul lost the only chance to fill his ice-house, because he kept waiting for thicker ice on the mill-pond." When Grosnase felt quite sure that time would vindicate him in any assertion, he was not disputative. He was never so proud as when uttering the prophet's consolatory "I told you so;" therefore he did not fly into a rage with the printer, and the two worthies passed a pleasant hour in gossip over town matters and the latest news from the far west, which was then Ohio.

Schlafmutz was a small burg nestled among the hills of North Carolina—a small town to boast such a commodious caravansary as that which adorned its principal thoroughfare; but this was long, long before the day of railroads in the Old North State, and there was much travel through this place; besides, travelers would often journey an extra ten miles, even in midwinter, in order to reach the home-like comforts of the famous Schlafmutz Tavern. Such warm fires, such good food, such clean snug beds, and such faithful attention generally, from landlord, landlady, and hostler, were no every-day experience along the highway. And then the town was the seat of an exceedingly popular female academy, whose patrons were numerous, representing the wealth of the cotton States, and they alone in summer filled the tavern to overflow. These grand Southern gentlemen came in magnificent style, too, with princely retinues, and their courtly manners were beautiful to behold. They paid high respect to all the peculiar customs of the village, and vied with each other in carrying away the endorsement of its good opinion.

Schlafmutz was a quaint place, utterly unlike any other settlement in the South, both morally and physically. Its inhabitants were not of the Cavaliers, nor of the Huguenots, nor yet of the Romanists, who settled much of the southern section of the country. They belonged to a peculiar foreign sect, however—a sect which, when persecuted, had found protection under the laws of Great Britain, and the "land" which they came here to colonize was a grant to their leader from Granville, then president of the Privy Council. They came under auspices which proclaimed them in many ways superior to ordinary adventurers, though on account of their Puritanic principles they were sometimes reviled, and on account of their many odd ways they were frequently laughed at. Nevertheless they were generally respected. The hardships endured and the dangers encountered by them in reaching their land and founding a settlement, where the surrounding country, for hundreds of miles in some directions, was an unknown wilderness, were astonishing. Of their adventures one record exists, in a tome now long out of print, but which may be found in certain old libraries here and there.

Architecually, the village reminded the traveler of some berg of mediæval Europe, with its massive stone houses, their deep-set windows and doors, their mullion and checker-work lintels, and their tile roofs. Even the wooden houses were grotesquely built, of heavy timbers, with a view of warmth in winter and coolness in summer as well as to one of personal security at all times.

The "church" owned and controlled the settlement, granting private proprietary rights only to those of its own faith, not enforcing this restriction in a spirit of bigotry, but with zealous regard for the unity of "the brethren." The church established male and female schools; the church built "choir-houses" for the special accommodation of its single brothers and sisters, the two houses being separated by a picturesque park; the church also built a tavern, and in front of the tavern, thirty feet from the ground, the church swung a sign heralding hostelry for man and beast.

This tavern was built of bricks of immense size; its walls were thick as a feudal castle's, and its steep saddle-roof, interspersed with dormer windows, was surmounted by a cupola and bell. The lower windows were protected by green shutters of solid wood, with heavy iron hasps. The porch, or verandah, was double, and extended the length of the structure. The chimneys were gigantic. The kitchen, the floor of which was flagged with flint rock, had in it a fire-place capacious enough to receive half a cord of wood at a time. In this fire-place, which was furnished with many cranes, all the savory cooking was done. The dining-room floor, which was of oak, was kept whitely sanded.

In providing this place of rest and refreshment for the weary traveler these good folk had manifested their guileless freedom from the prejudices of many pious sects by attaching to the office-room a compartment well stocked with the best home-made and foreign liquors. This compartment was entered (by no one save the landlord or his assistant) through a door leading from the main hall, or entry, as it was called, and communicated with the office by a sliding window. The office was called The Bar. The entire revenue derived from the establishment, including the sale of spirits, was conscientiously converted to church uses, among which were municipal improvements and the sending of missionaries to heathen lands.

Originally the tavern sign had borne, in addition to its legend, a device, which the storms of years had so obliterated and which tradition had so neglected that at the date of our chronicle its significance had become a matter of conjecture, and sometimes, it must be admitted, of quite heated controversy among the villagers. There were those—such as Wilhelm Opitz and Johann Todengraver—who contended that the now vanished picture had represented a royal crown; others—such as Heinrich Topfer and Gottlieb Rotz—that it had portrayed General Washington (who, let it be remembered, was a guest at the tavern in 1791, and for whom the paternal grand-mother—then a girl—of the editor of these chronicles had the distinguished honor of playing the piano), while one, Hans Kesselflicker, who was very old, and who, alas, had become a tippler, and was therefore not regarded as at all reliable authority, averred that the picture on the sign had been nothing more nor less than that of a big pudding, for he had painted it himself.

It was the custom of the warden of the church to lease the tavern to some reputable citizen, the warden requiring from his lease strict compliance with the letter and spirit of written articles lawfully executed. From a faded manuscript in the possession of the writer, the following items are copied, omitting names and dates, to-wit:

"The said —— ——, having been entrusted by the said —— —— with the management of the House of Entertainment at Schlafmutz, the said house or houses, together with all stables, meadows, pastures, orchards, gardens, &c., are hereby delivered to his care; to superintend and manage the same faithfully, in such manner that customers and strangers may find it an agreeable House of Entertainment.

"All customers, strangers, and travellers are to be received and treated in a kind, civil and obliging manner. The Keeper of said House and his Lady will make their stay as agreeable as possible, by devoting themselves to their service, giving them good Entertainment for a reasonable Price, keeping the house, rooms, and everything cleanly, and taking particular care that clean and comfortable Bedding be always provided.

"The Keeper of said house will have a watchful eye upon the Bar-Keeper—if he has one—and hostler, that they may perform the duties incumbent upon them in a proper and becoming manner, demeaning themselves in a respectful and accommodating manner towards Ladies and Gentlemen, and take good care of their horses, &c. Though they may occasionally receive a gratuity from them, they shall never demand any, and in case they should be found guilty of asking any money, they shall forthwith be dismissed.

"The Keeper of said house will, in particular, not suffer any species of gambling, fighting, cursing and swearing, immoral conduct, frolicks, balls, dancing, unlawful assemblies of minors, or disorderly meetings, or political party dinners or suppers, nor will he tolerate assemblies of minors on Sundays during Church Time in or upon the premises, or anything at variance with the proper observance of the Lord's Day, nor permit anything in the nature of theatrical Exhibitions or Shows. If any of our young people under age should loiter about, or under any pretence spend their time on the premise or amongst the customers, the Keeper of said House is expressly desired to show them off, and if he should not be obeyed, to give timely notice thereof to their parents, masters, or guardians. * * *

"In conducting this House of Entertainment on principles of Strict Temperance in regard to the use of spirituous Liquors, he will not deal out any to such as are intoxicated before they enter the house, nor will he permit any to drink to excess on the premises. He will be particularly careful to observe this rule whenever crowds of people are attending, for instance at Easter and other holy days, also at burials, elections and the like occasions. * * * The good example of himself and family, and their avowed endeavors to honor by word and deed the Gospel, and conforming to our town rules and regulations, cannot but have a good effect and influence upon others."

Surrounded by such comforts as those which the keeper of the Schlafmutz Tavern was accustomed to provide, it is no wonder that travelers were anxious to arrive and unwilling to depart. The austerity of character which distinguished the little village in its earlier years had gradually yielded to more liberal customs, though "the world" was still kept away, and such liberties as were taken with new manners were quite harmless.

On the afternoon of that cold day between Christmas and New Year's, in the winter which was fulfilling the prophecy of Herr Grosnase, the landlord of the Schlafmutz Tavern—Chrisian Ingle—sat before the fire of his bar snugly hugging himself in a quilted blue gown and wearing on his bald head a black silk skull-cap. Occasionally a nod of uncommon gravity aroused him from snoozing, and he would go out on the porch to consult his thermometer and take note of its indications for future reference. Perhaps this day would come to be known as "the cold day," and he could then give accurate information as to the degrees of temperature on the historic occasion. He had kept memoranda of many important events, and was always proud to be questioned about them. For instance, he could tell when "the dark Saturday" occurred—a strange midsummer morning when the heavens suddenly grew wrathful and soul-appalling darkness fell on the town, so that many persons actually expected the world to come to an end. He could give the exact date when, on the occasion of another sudden thunder storm, many swallows, in frantic flight for their chimneys, had been impaled on the points of the lightning rods.

It grew colder and colder. Retreating hurriedly from the biting wind which swept fiercely down the deserted street, Herr Ingle would liberally replenish the immense iron fire-dogs with logs of seasoned hickory and delight in watching the flames take hold of the wood. A tall eight-day Dutch clock ticked drowsily away in a corner of the office, its glass face cheerily reflecting the glow of the bed of coals.

It was a lazy afternoon throughout the whole house. The landlord's lady, as she was designated in the lease, sat by her own fire, softly humming a ballad that she had loved when a girl, and thinking with pride of her fine boy baby asleep in his cradle, which was rocked indolently to the measure of the cadence by Nauce, a favorite little slave. The maids were huddled together in their own private room over a secret book of wonderful romances, in which delirious lovers meet by stealth to elude cruel parents, and finally married and were forever after happy. They were white girls, three in number, and were always uniformed in snowy aprons and Normandy caps. Jim, the negro cook, a mastodon in size, flanked by his scullions snored by the kitchen fire.

The negro whose duty it was to attend to the office, having carried in numerous armsfull of wood and piled it by the hearth for the night, leisurely proceeded to burnish the brass candlesticks and snuffers on the desk and to replenish with lard the great metal lamp which hung by the door. It was his custom while engaged in these duties to venture facetious colloquialism with his kind master, which was always tolerated and frequently encouraged; but to-day the man was noticeably thoughtful and reticent.

"What, Dick," said Herr Ingle, taking a pinch of snuff, "have you swallowed your tongue?"

"No, sah," solemnly answered the servant, with a counterfeit of his usual happy grin.

"Have you seen a spook then, Dick?"

"No, sah. Leaswise I aint seed none, sah; but deys bin one seen."

It was not the policy of wiser heads in those days to dissipate the superstitious beliefs of children and servants. Such beliefs were rather fostered, with a view to the correction of refractory conduct or larcenous proclivities. Indeed the belief in apparitions was not confined to children and servants. By many persons, and among that number many of the worthy citizens of the village of Schlafmutz, the mystical subject was regarded with profound respect.

"Ah-ha?" said Herr Ingle interrogatively, while he nodded his head in a way which indicated to Dick that one might expect to be visited at any time by a hobgoblin.

"Yas, sah," responded the negro, with dilating eyes; "dat little *man* bin seen agin."

"What little man, Dick?"

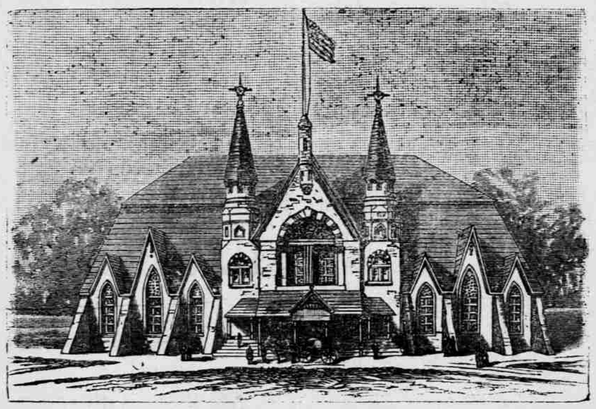
"De Little Red Man, sah!"

"A-h-h-a!"

This time the ejaculation of the landlord was in a different tone, and was delivered with a different inflection. He rose and stood with his back to the fire and regarded Dick for some time with a serious face. Then he opened his tortoise snuff-box again, and posing a pinch of Macaboy near his nose, he added:—

"Who has seen the Little Red Man?"

Before he had finished speaking, the door opened, and old Kesselflicker, the tippler, hurriedly slipped in from the cold entry-way, arching his back against the draft of wind and burying his grisly chin in multiplied folds of a green woolen scarf. Briskly shuffling to a chair by the fire-place, the privileged lounger, without greeting the host, spread his benumbed fingers to the warm glow and ordered a drink of brandy and nutmeg, which was duly served, and served with some degree of courtesy, too, for Kesselflicker, though only a day laborer at odd jobs,



MEMORIAL HALL AT CHAPEL HILL, N. C. (SEE FOURTH PAGE.)

always paid his honest score. The landlord was about to repeat his question to the servant, when he noticed that Kesselflicker was convulsed with inaudible laughter. This old fellow was an inveterate practical joker. He being a jack-of-all-trades, and having been engaged for a week or more at repairing the cellar steps and shelving of the Brethren's House—the home of the legendary ghost—it dawned on Herr Ingle that his jocose customer was at the bottom of a hoax; and it took but an extra jorum of brandy to coax from him a confession. When Dick retired, Kesselflicker told how on the preceding night, when the young brethren were quietly having a good time at their choir-house, in celebration of the holidays, he had slipped a red flannel blouse over his head and gone to frighten them; how, in the midst of a half-suppressed peal of merry laughter, he had popped his head in at the door of the refectory, where they were congregated, and shouted "I-yi! I-yi! I-yi!" and how a panic and a stampede had followed, resulting in his getting a bowl of hot punch gratis and in wild rumors about the reappearance of a long-laid specter.

This ludicrous revelation was in truth very comforting to Heer Ingle, for he, in common with the other villagers, while skeptical as to spooks generally, really believed in the Little Red Man.

The story went that years ago a curious dwarf, who always wore a red flannel blouse, was employed by the Brethren at their communal house as a sort of janitor. He was reputed to have come from somewhere near the Black Forest, in Germany, where, it was whispered, he had probably done some dark deed, for he not only steadfastly refused to give any history of his life, but would not even tell his real name. When asked what he should be called, he had winked wickedly and said "Rothes Hanslein," which means, literally, Red Little Jacket. At first this strange little fellow was eyed with very great suspicion, but he conducted himself so decently that he soon come to be regarded with but little curiosity. One night—the same night in which the preacher's fine horse strayed from the unlocked stable, (and was never afterwards heard of)—the Brethren's house was discovered to be on fire. With great difficulty the flames were extinguished. The remarkable absence of the janitor was not seriously wondered at for an hour after all danger was over, when diligent inquiry was made for him. Knowing that through strange caprice, he sometimes slept in what was called "the deep cellar" (and it is so called to this day), the bewildered brethren instituted search for him there. To the consternation of all, the red blouse which the dwarf had never been seen without was found lying on the cellar floor; but the dwarf himself could not be found, and he was never again seen. One of the brethren—the last to ascend the steep rock steps leading from the cellar that night—averred that when he glanced back over his shoulder he saw, by the dim light of his candle, two green devilish eyes glaring in the darkness, and that he distinctly heard a fiendish voice utter an imprecation. Certain it is that after that event the Deep Cellar was said and believed to be haunted.

"It will be all the talk to-night," said old Kesselflicker, chuckling as he rewound his green scarf about his neck and shuffled out.

The landlord poked the fire and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

It was the custom of the older burgers to congregate in the Bar of the Schlafmutz Tavern regularly after nightfal. A semi-circle of high fan-backed chairs was always arranged for them by the host, and there they sat and smoked their pipes and talked over town affairs. The intellectual horizon of this nightly assemblage was not a very comprehensive one, yet subjects more weighty than the construction of a new dwelling or the building of a bridge, or the best method of fattening swine were not infrequently discussed. They who composed these meetings were mostly tradesmen and mechanics, though now and then one of the scholarly and more seclusive element joined them. However, no stranger would have taken these worthies as they sat around the fire for simple shop-workers. They showed a rigid refinement of dress and an inflexible gravity of deportment which made them quite distinguished-looking. Many the innocent jokes by that fireside; many the sage councils as well, and many the words of good-fellowship, of hearty kindness, and of noble human sympathy there spoken. But woe unto the young scion who by wood or deed violated the time-honored customs of his fathers or compromised before strangers the dignity of the reputable village. This fire-side conclave was to such an one a secret and a fearful tribune.

Night drew on. The cold was so intense that the windows of all the houses were caked with frost. At the street pumps great icicles had formed. The town watchman, whose duty it was to patrol the dark streets and sound the hours by blowing a conch-shell, thought with dread of his approaching service as he looked at his lantern and staff; and the villagers who had settled in their accustomed pleces by the tavern fire and lighted their long-stemmed pipes thought of the passengers by the incoming stage-coach with fear for their safety in the bitter cold, for the coach had many miles to travel from the nearest settlement.

All the chairs were occupied, and when Herr Grosnase stalked into the bar great was the civility manifested in proffering that dignitary a place. There was Glockner, who kept the key to the church and rang the church bell every day at exactly fifteen minutes before high noon, to inform the village of dinner-time; there was Drucker, who printed the famous almanack; there was Buchenshmeid, who made guns so honestly that many of his pieces passed into heirlooms and are just as good to-day as ever, if one knows how to manage the flint and priming; there was Schneider, the tailor, whose father had repaired the surtout of Lord Cornwallis when he passed through Schlafmutz on his way to Yorktown; there was Zinner, the clink of whose busy hammer on copper and tin could be heard, day by day; there was Graber, the miller, who never took a spoonful too much toll; all the cronies were there.

The conversation which the entrance of the pedagogue interrupted was concerning the rumored re-appearance of the specter at the Brothers' House after so long an interval The subject was treated with semi-jocularity; but each worthy asking his neighbor what *he* thought about it too plainly manifested that the resurrection of the long-laid ghost was almost sincerely believed in.

After Herr Grosnase had ceremoniously unlaced his great cloak, taken it off, and with imposing deliberation laid it over the back of his chair, he scrutinized the company through the gleaming double-convex lenses of his golden spectacles, and he then asked with some severity:

"What is this I hear about Rothes Hanslein?"

The landlord, who paced to and fro, as was his custom, manipulated his yellow silk handkerchief and glanced at Kesselflicker, who shifted his pipe and glanced from under his slouched hat-brim at the landlord.

The circumstance of the apparition was respectfully related to Herr Grosnase by Glockner, who, while on his way to ring the church bell that noon, had received the facts from one of the young brethren that witnessed the appearance. For some time the entire body of burgers gazed mutely at the fire and twirled their thumbs.

The presence of Herr Grosnase imposed on them an awkward silence, for the pedagogue's learning was so great and his deportment so assertive that he was really almost feared.

The silence was broken by Kesselflicker, who ventured to say emolliently that he feared the reappearance of the ghost at the Brothers' House boded no good for the town, for it was a notorious fact that some calamity had invariably followed the coming of the specter. The landlord sighed an affirmative response to this lamentation as he stood looking innocently up at the high Dutch clock, with his hands crossed behind him.

"Nonsense!" roared Herr Grosnase, with such stentorian voice that Buchensmeid and Glockner rubbed their knees with nervous apprehension. "Nonsense," reiterated the autocrat, emitting sharp jets of smoke from his pipe and glaring fixedly at Kesselflicker. And he then gave it as his conviction, which had been arrived at by cogitation on the subject for some time, that the young brethren at the choir-house were no better morally than they should be; and that they indulged in amusements which were decidedly questionable. Had not young Himmel, one of their number, the occasional church organist, on a recent Sanday been under some such unaccountable influence that he could not play for the congregation one of their most familiar hymns, but befuddled the singers by a jumble of insane chords, so that the preacher had to call on *him* to lead the singing? Had not lights been seen in the windows of the Brothers' House late at night—once even after midnight? These young men needed looking after, and he would have them to know that *his* eye was on them. They must not be playing such pranks and concocting ghost-stories to frighten the weak-minded and to terrorize children. The Little Red Man indeed! Bah! Pshaw! Who but a fool would seriously hear of such stuff!"

"But," mildly interposed old Kesselflicker, "the brothers say, one and all, that they saw the thing sure enough."

"Saw the thing sure enough," mimmicked the pedagogue contemptously. "Then why must they behave like children? Why did they run from it? Why did they not make for it and make an end of it? Bah! *I* would have kicked it. Bah!"

In the silence which ensued, the music of the horn of the stage-coach was heard in the distance, and each worthy, glancing at the clock, felt relieved to know that Grosnase's sermonizing would soon be diverted, and that they would have the pleasure perhaps of seeing some visitor from the outside world.

It was a signal always understood that if the driver of the coach blew a second time he had passengers aboard; and now for the second time the music of his horn came on the wind, and soon the grating of wheels on the frozen earth could be heard.

The coming of the coach wos nightly to the burgers a more or less stirring episode. To the landlord it was always a moment of considerable agitation; and now, while he trimmed the candles at the high desk where a register laid open, with ink and goose-quills by it, the servants rushed through the hall and congregated on the sidewalk ready to do the duty of the famous house of entertainment.

After a final prolonged flourish of the melodious horn, the coach came briskly on against the tattering wind and swung up to the stepping-stone, the foun horses champing their bits and shaking their harness, impatient for the stable. Three young men alighted, muffled in great-coats, and hurriedly made for the bar.

The boot of the coach was unstrapped, the baggage tumbled out and carried in, and Dick, who held the lantern, was turning awny, when the driver called out:

"Ho-ho—one more, Dick—one more passenger."

"One a-moa" echoed a studulous voice; and a dwarfish figure came climbing down over the front wheel, and, having reached the ground, stood tiptoe to receive from the driver a box as large as himself. The box was closely covered with a blanket, and seemed to require careful handling. The dwarf too was wrapped in a blanket, over which a waggish black beard hung, and his head was enveloped in a turban of red.

Dick with his lantern curiously examined this uncommon-looking visitor, observing that he wore ear-rings like a lady, and had a skin like leather.

"Take that fellow in, Dick," the driver shouted as he turned his horses for the stable-yard, "and tell your master that I picked him up on the road, and that he wants to lay in the stable to-night; at least that's all I could make out of his perlarver, for he can't even talk dog-latin."

The servant with his light and the dwarf with his box were about to enter the tavern, when the driver, checking his team, called back, "Here, Dick, fetch me that box. I'll just pitch it into the stable loft for the the scamp. My opinion is that he is the devil anyhew. Don't go too near him, or you'll get bit, for he's got"—

The startling admonition was cut short by the frantic efforts of the dwarf to recover his box, which the servant had seized and adroitly flung on top of the coach, which was again in motion. The turning wheel rolled the little fellow to the ground, and rising in a rage he approached Dick with wrathful gestures and rapid unintelligible words. The negro fled, closely pursued; and dashing into the bar, he shut the door, and braced it with his knee.

The three young travelers, having informed their host that they were college students from a neighboring State on a holiday visit to the noted town of Schlafmutz, were stirring toddies with much hilarity at the window of the spirit-room; and they were being closely scrutinized by the company of silent worthies, who twirled their thumbs and seemed to be gazing into the fire. All eyes suddenly turning to the frightened servant, whose demonstration was inexplicable, Herr Grosnase felt it incumbent on himself to master the situation.

"What mean you, sir?" he asked austerly, as he approached the negro and glanced at the new guests a stately apology for the servant's conduct, "Who is out there?"

"De debbil, sah," whispered the negro with wide eyes and shortening breath.

The citizens turned stiffly in their chairs and looked about. The young gentlemen stirring their toddies whispered to each other, exchanged winks, and dashed off their jorums. Then one of them commanded a servant to open the door.

The negro retreated; the door flew open, and the dwarf, with a fiendish face, entered.

The blanket which he wore fell from around him and revealed a blouse of red.

"*Der Kleine Rothe Mann!*"

This was whispered by half a dozen voices. Kesselflicker was slipping out of one door, Herr Grosnase out of the other, and the landlord stood transfixed behind his decanter and glasses. The negro was gone. The dwarf stood mute, his features slowly relaxing to a grin. There was a movement under the red blouse, at the spot which seemed to be a hunch on the dwarf's back. A long dark something fell to the floor with the indulation of a snake and was drawn up again. This phenomenon was not seen by any except Herr Grosnase, and the students, who stood at the dwarf's back.

The pedagogue sank to the floor in a faint.

"Why, good gentlemen," said the elder student, "why this alarm?"

No one answered.

A thought seemed to strike the four students simultaneously. Advancing together in front of the dwarf, each gesticulated with his right arm as if turning a crank, and they questioned the strange creature with their eyes.

The dwarf uttered a shrill succession of gibberish sounds and darted from the room, followed by the students.

Meantime Kesselflicker had disappeared. At this moment he was pounding vigorously on the shutters of the bishop's house; and that reverend dignitary, appearing with a candle in his hand, heard a faltering voice in the darkness, "Quick—quick—to the tavern!" And the bishop, as soon as his lantern was made ready, hurried out.

Herr Grosnase was carefully raised from the floor and laid on a settee. A strong drink partially retored him to consciousness, and he held another in his hand to fortify the first. The good landlady, attended by her maids, surrounded the pedagogue, while the dumb founded landlord whispered with the citizens.

Sundenly there burst upon the assemblage a peal of unearthly sound. At the same moment a huge dog, upsetting men and chairs, ran yelping through the bar, chased by a little imp which had hold of the dog's tail and trailed on the floor a prehensible appendage of its own. The wild music drew nearer and nearer and broke in at the very door of the room, its vibratory shrillness complemented by a deafening chorus from the three students.

A frantic stampede was imminent, when the landlady, who had preserved a sedate equinamity throughout, pointed to the door with a shout of laughter, and in marched the wretched the wretched little Italian organ-grinder, whose monkey now released the howling dog and began to dance in the middle of the floor.

How those dignified old burgers would ever have separated creditably that night have been an awkward matter. They were at least saved this embarrassment by the appearance upon the scene of a most unlooked-for personage. Suddenly in the midst of them stood their bishop, at whose indignant and imperious command the organ-grinder ceased playing, and the astonished students became silent. The bishop spoke not a word. He saw about him what seemed to be evidence of a carouse such as he had never dreamed of witnessing in Schlafmutz. His angered and bewildered eye roamed from one to another until he espied Herr Grosnase lying on the settee with a glass of liquor in his hand and surrounded by the maids. Then his choked voice found vent, but in only four words: "*This is too much!*" He caught the pedagogue by the ear and sat him up. He clutched the lappel of the pedagogue's coat and led him out. Not a tongue moved.

Worse than all, poor old Kesselflicker firmly convinced that the devil had really come in the shape of the Little Red Man, but so tangibly that he might possibly be destroyed, found his way through the darkness to the church and furiously rang the bell for an alarm, and half-clad citizens ran wildly out into the night crying "fire," but could find none.

For many a day the ludicrous mistakes of that night were related.

Written specially for the Sentinel.

THE BARBER'S STORY,

OR

TOM KING'S CHRISTMAS.

BY REMLY S. SIDELINGER.

A few years ago I was doing business as a barber in Boston, and was having a nice run of trade in a neat little shop on Black St., just a few doors below the horse car station, not far from Bowdoin Square, near H. Revere House. I am thus particular, for perhaps some may remember the place.

I had as a foreman, a smart and intelligent young man by the name of Thomas King; he was a fine workman, and suited my customers very well, and could usually be depended upon, except occasionally, when he would have a fit of the "blues" and for a week or so he would then be in a state of despondency, and no matter how hard he would struggle against it he would end his morose period with a spell of drunkenness, in fact he would go on a regular "tear" as the rest of men used to call it, and this spell of intoxication, would perhaps last a week.

When I saw one of those fits of the poor fellow coming on, I would try and divert his attention in some manner, and try if possible, to prevent him from ending as he usually did with a week's debauch. Sometime I would invite him home with me to spend the evening, as I would request his company to the theatre, but it would be of no avail, for the result would be just the same, and when I got to the shop in the morning I would be greeted with "Tom is on a spree again, sir."

In a few days he would get all over it, and return to work and be as steady as one could wish, and sorry enough he would be too, and promise to try to do better.

I sometimes used to think that I was doing wrong by keeping him, but really I hated to part with him, I liked him as a man, and he was as good a workman as I could get, excepting of course the periods I have mentioned, and then he would try so hard to do better, but one thing I noticed, and that was, that he would try to reform, and not that he would. I think this was because that he had so fine a sense of honor, that he was fearful lest he should break his word.

Tom was a mystery to us all, and I sometimes used to think that he was to himself also. He never mentioned his past life to any of us, and if I mentioned it to him he would manage to turn my attention to something else, and therefore, when I found that he did not wish to refer to it, much less dwell on the subject, I soon ceased to refer to the matter altogether.

One summer, after he had been working for me about three years, I saw that he was feeling sort of downhearted and that he had a fit of the "blues" coming on, and of course I knew just what to to expect, and thinking to draw his attention away from what ever it might be that was troubling him, I told him he had better take the afternoon off and go over to the Hub Billard [illegible] and try and amuse himself, as I knew he was very fond of the sport.

It appears that he remained there until the evening was well advanced, and then started to go home, but on his way to his lodging house he stepped into a number of bar-rooms, and became quite intoxicated, and it was in this condition that he met with quite an adventure, and one that changed his whole career.

While walking along Court Street, he observed a white bundle stowed away in the doorway of an alley, and he was just enough in his cups to want to stop and investigate, which of course he did, and what was his great surprise, to find that it was nothing more or less than a little girl about three years of age. The night was dark, and about to storm, and as he could not see any one about to take care of the child, he determieed to take it to his room, which was not far away. This he resolved upon doing, for he was so kind that he did not want the child's slumbers disturbed, so he takes the little midget to his room.

The next morning when I got to the shop I was greatly surprised and pleased to find Tom at his chair, though he was showing signs of his previous night's dissipation.

"Ah, good morning Thomas, good morning, glad to see you around too. I hardly expected to see you for a week, and it gives me great pleasure to be so pleasantly disappointed."

"Yes, Mr. S. I am here this morn-

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